The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. Muszin , Editor and Proprietor. MICH

THE presbytery for Oregon has docided that all candidates for license must guit the use of tobacco.

entitled "From Pharoah to Fellah." This sounds more oriental than "From Pear to Peasant."

Some people are so sympathetic that sermon in full. the sound of a bell brings tears to Cain hit him with a base ball club.

Sam Jones says his ideal of a man is John the Baptist, who jumped on a he would stay there until the ants that he passes to be obsequious. before he would modify anything that he had said.

will be of no interest to man, but roman-married woman-will be glad to learn a very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented by which the hands of a clock set to a certain the given hour arrives.

STATE TREASURER ARCHER'S downfall is now fully explained. He was a devotee of poker and gambled away to her husband. Ahasuerus. One night Maryland's money. All old sports will Ahasuerus, who was affiicted with insomsympathize with him. He was an hia, in his sleepless hours calls for his secretary to read to him a few pages of Persian history, and so while away the played a fair game he would not have night. In the book read that night to the found it necessary to steal the state's king an account was given of a conspiracy, money.

A NEW YORK judge who recently lectured an applicant for divorce on the evils of hasty divorces, and refus-York courts would not grant it under her flimsy excuse.

THERE is a degree of reasoning in the theory that man was evolved from the fish, from the fact that so many are not uncommon among the human family. Some get insane and others can scarcely look at water without what scaly.

SMALL shopkeepers in London often the street. Make haste?" complain of being ruined by the monster establishments which sell everything and monopolize the trade formerly shared by their minor neighin Paris, but the French government now proposes to lay additional license duties on big shops, so as to restrict Mordecai! Alas for Haman! But what a their operations and allow small traders a fair chance.

QUENG LEE, an affluent laundryman of Plattsburg. Nebraska, has made de-claration to become a citizen of the the steps of the scaffolding, side by side, the hangman and Haman, the ex-chancel-United States, and recently submitted the question to the treasury department whether he could bring his wife and children here. In reply, he is informed that they can not be admitted into the United States. Fifty years hence this will read like an old slave sale notice does to us now.

PROF. PEPPER, of the University of Pennsylvania, Issued a circular letter to the physicians of this country asking for data for a work on American climatology, which shall be a trustworthy guide to the profession in the choice of a climate suitable to the various affections of their patients. The work, which is now in active preparation, will certainly be an important one both to doctor and patient, and may be the means of saving many valuable lives.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, Who was recently appointed by Gov. Hill as sheriff of New York county in place of Jas. A. Flack, resigned, has had an interesting and varied career. A printer. lawyer, politician and soldier. In congress, secretary of legation at London when Buchanan was minister. In state senate and again in congress. Slaver of Barton F. Keye, his wife's paramour. Colonel in the late war, brigadier, mayor-general. After the war a colonel in the regular army. Minister to Spain under Grant. Lost a leg in battle. Is on retired list with rank of major general. His term of sheriff will expire January 1, next.

CLYDE LONG, of Logansport, Ind., aged seventeen, claims that he is Jesus Christ and that he must be crucified. He has repeatedly begged his parents and friends to nail him to a cross which he has erected. Upon their refusal he will take a knife and inflict severe infuries upon himself, stabbing his bands and body in a terrible manner. He also swallows carbolic acid in sufficient quantities to cause terrible pain, but petty annoyances. There are multitudes not enough to kill him, and he claims of people in the world, constantly harrowed that he must die on the cross. Long says he has specific orders from God that he must suffer on the cross to save their powers of vision to see whether they the wicked people of his township, cannot find a Mordecal The poor little simpleton displays rare egotism by the inference that his cruciffxion would accomplish what the crucifixion would accomplish what the fore them. crucifixion of Christ falled to da

MANY HARD FALLS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Takes a Lesson From the Hanging of Haman.

It is on the Black Anvil of Trouble that Mon Hammer Out their Fortunes-Many Hard Falls in Store for Us All.

In the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Mosekly Bell, the new manager of Sunday morning, after the preliminary ex-the London Times, is author of a book ercises, which in this congregation are considered as important as any of the others, Dr. Talmage preached from the text, "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecal." Eather 7:10. Following is his

Here is an Oriental courtier, about the the sound of a bell brings tears to most offensive man in Hebrew history, their eyes, reminded of the sufferings Haman by name. He plotted for the of the poor fellow when his brother destruction of the Israelitish nation, and I wonder not that in some of the Hebrew synagogues to this day when Haman's name is mentioned, the congregation cleuch their fists, and stamp their feet and cry, "Let his name be blotted out!" Haman king and stomped the very life out of him. When he was put in jail he said the honor conferred, he expects everybody carried him out through the keyhole in one day at the gate of the palace, the before he would modify anything that office; but a Hebrew, named Mordecal, gazes upon the passing dign tary without bending his head or taking off his hat. He was a good man, and would not have been negligen; of the ordin my curtosies of life, but he felt no respect either for Haman or the nation from which he had come. But he could not be hypocritical; and while others made Oriental salaam, getting clear hour are made to complete an electric down before this Prime Minister when he current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fice is started when up. Because of that affront Haman gets a decree from Ahasuerus, the dastardly king, for the massacre of all the Israelites, and that, of course, will include Morderal.

To make a long story short, through Queen Esther this whole plot was revealed from which Mordecai, the I'ebraw, saved the king's life, and for watch kindness Mordecal had never received any reward. Hamen, who had been fixing up a nice gallows to hang Mordecal on, the sacredness of the marriage tie and walking outside the door of the klar's sleeping apartment and was called in. The ed to grant a decree, has just married a divorced woman who had to get her his, the king's life, and he asked what redecree in Illinois because the New ward ought to be given to such a one. Selfconceited Haman, supposing that he himseif was to get the honor, and not imagin-ing for a moment that the deliverer of the king's life was Mordenai, says: "Why, your Majesty ought to make a triump's for him, and put a crown on him, and set him on a splendid horse, high-stepping and fullblooded, and then have one of your princes still retain the "symptoms." Suckers lead the borse through the streets, crying, 'How the knee, here comes a man who has saved the king's life!" Then said Ahasuerus in severe tones to Haman: "I know all about your scoundrelism. Now you go their heads swimming. Yes, and out and make a triumph for Mordecal, the there be quite many who are some- Hebrew, whom you hate. Put the best saddle on the finest horse, and you, the prince, hold the stirrup while Mordecai

What a spectacle! A comedy and stagedy at one and the same time. There they go! Mordecal, who had been despised, now starred and robed, in the stirrups. Haman, the chancellor, afoot, holdbors. The same complaint is raised ing the prancing, rearing, champing staltion. Mordecki bends his neck at last, but pity to have the gallows, recently built, entirely wasted! It is fifty cubits high and built with care. And Haman had erected it for Mordecai, by whose stirrups he now walks as groom. Stranger and more "So they hanged Haman on the gallor.

lows that he prepared for Mordecai." Although so many years have passed since cowardly Ahasuerus reigned, and the beautiful Eather answered to whims, and Persia perished, yet from the life and death of Haman we may draw living lessons of warning and instruction. And, first, we come to the practical sug-gestion that, when the heart is wrong, things very insignificant will destroy our comfort. Who would have thought that a great Prime Minister, admired and ar luaded by millions of Persians, would have been so nettled and harrassed by any thing trival? What more could the great dignitary have wanted than his charlots and attendants, and palaces and banquetsi If affinence of circumstances can make a man contented and happy, surely Haman should have been contented and happy, No; Morde al's refusal of a bow takes the giltter from the gold, and the ricaness from the purple, and the speed from the charlots With a heart puffed up with every inflation of vanity and revenge, it was impossible for him to be happy. The silence of Mordecai at the gate was louder than the braying of trumpets in the palace. Thus shall it always be if the heart is not right. cumstances the most trival will disturb the spirit.

It is not the great calamities of life that

create the most worr ment. I have seen men, felled by repeated blows of misfortune, arising from the dust, never despond-But the most of the disquiet waich men suffer is from insignificant causes; as a ion attacked by some beast of proviurns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through the forest at the alighting on his brawny neck of a few insects. You meet some great loss in business with comparative composure; but you can think of petty trickeries inflicted you, which rouse all your capacity for wrath, and remain in you heart an unbear able annoyance. If you look back upon your life, you will find that the most of the vexations and disturbances of spirit which you felt were produced by circumstances that were no. worthy of notice. If you want to be hap y you must not care for trifles. Do not be too minute in your inspection of the treatment you receive from others. whether Mordecal bows when you pass, or stands erect and stiff as a cedar! That woodm in would not make much clearing in the forest, who should stop to bind every little bruise and scratch he received in the thicket; nor will that man accom-plish much for the world or the church, who is too watchful and appreciative ing out these things which are attrictive and deserving, but in spying out with all

presentative of unflinching godiiness. Such were the usages of society in ancient times that, had this Israelite bowed to the Prime Minister, it would have been an acknowledgment of respect for his character and nation. Mordecal would, therefore, have sinned against his religion had he made any obelsance or dropped his chin half an inch before Haman. When, therefore, proud Haman attempted to compel an homage which was not feit, he only did what the world ever since has tried to de, when it would force our holy religion in any way to yield to its dictates. Daniel, if he had been a man of religious compromises, would never have been thrown into the den of lions. He might have made some arrangement with King Darius whereby he could have retained part of his form of religion without making him elf so completely obnoxious to the idolaters. Paul might have retained favor of his rulers and escaped martyrdom if he had only been willing to mix up his Christian faith with a few errors. unbending Christian character was taken

Fagot and rack and balter in all age have been only the different ways in waich the world has demanded obeisance. It was once, away up on the top of the temple, that Satan commanded the Holy One of Nazareth to kneel before him. But it is not now so much on the top of churches as down in the aisle and the paw and pulpit that Satan tempts the espousers of the Christian faith to kneel before him. Why was it that the Piatonic philosophers of early times, as well as Toland, Spinoza and Bolingbroke of latter days, were so madly opposed to Christianity? Certainly not because it favored immoralities, or arrested civilization, or dwarfed the intellect. genuine reason, whether admitted or not, was because the relig on of Christ paid no respect to their intellectual vanities Blount, and Boyle, and the heat of infide:s hatched out by the vile reign of Charles the Second, as reptiles crawl out of a marsh of slime, could not keep their patience because, as they passed along, there sitting in the gate of the church such men es Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John was would not bend an inch in respect to their philosophies.

Satan told our first parents that they would become as gods if they would only reach up and take a taste of the fruit. They tried it and failed, but their descendants are not yet satisfied with the experiment. We have now many desiring to be as gods, reaching up after yet another apple. Hu-man reason, scoraful of God's word, may foam and strut with the proud weath of a Haman, and attempt to compel the homage of the good, but in the presence of men and angels it shall be confounded. "God shall smits thee, thou white! wall." When science began to make its brilliant discov eries there were great facts brought to light that seemed to overthrow the truth of the Bible. The archæologist with his crowbar, and the geologist with his hammer, and the chemist with his batteries charged upon the Bible. Moses' account of the creation seemed denied by the very structure of the earth. The astronomer wheel-ed round his telescope until the heavenly bodies seemel to marshal themselves against the Bible, as the stars in their courses fought availant Sisera. Observa-tories and universities rejoiced at what they considered the extinction of Christ They gathered new courage at what they considered past victory, and pressed on their conquest into the kingdom of nature until, alas for the nt they dis-covered too much. God's word had only been lying in ambush that, in some un guarded moment, with a suld in bound, it might tear infidelity to pieces.

It was as when Joshua attacked the city of Al. He selected thirty thousand men, and concealed most of them; then with a few men he assalled the city, which poured out its numbers and strength upon Joshua's little band. According to previous plan, they fell back in seeming defeat, after all the proud inhabitants of the city had been brought out of their homes, an I had joined in the pursuit of Joshus, sud denly that brave man halted in his flight, and with his spear pointing toward the city, thirty thousand men bounied from the thickets as panthers apring to their prey and the pursuers were dashed to pieces, while the hosts of Joshua pressed up to the city, and with their lighted torches tossed it into flames. Thus it was that the discoveries of seience seemed to give temporary victory against Gol and the Bible, and for a while the church acted as if she were on a retreat; but, when all the opposers of God and truth had joined in the pursuit, and were sure of the field. Christ gave the signal to His church, and turning, they drove back their fees in shame. There was found to be no antagonism between nature and revelation. The un iverse and the Bible were found to be the work of the same hand, two strokes of the same pen, their authorship the same God

Again: Learn the lesson that pride goes before a fail. Was any man ever so far up as Haman, who tumbled so far down! Yes, on a smaller scale every day the world sees the same thing. Agains their very advantages men trip into destruction. When God humbles proud men, it is usually at the moment of their great struction. est arrogancy. If there be a man in your community greatly puffed up with worldly suc ess, you have but to stand a little walls and you will see him come down. say, I wonder that Gol allows that man to great assimptions of power. There is no wonder about it. Haman has not yet go to the top. Pride is a commander, well plumed and capar soned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning bost. We have the best of authorit; for saying that "Pride goet) before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the small stones from the brook Eish make him stagger and fal. like an ox under the butcher's blu igeo: Le who is down cannot fall. Vessels scud ding under bars poles do not feel the of the storm, but those with all sails set capsize at the sudden descent of the ten

Again: This Oriental tale reminds us of the fact that wrongs we prepare for others return upon oursevies. The gallows that Haman buil: for Mordecal became the prime minist r's strangulation. Robeerre, who sent so many to the gillotine, had his own head chopped off by that horrid instrument. The ev.l you practice on others will racoil upon your own pate. Standers come home. Oppressions home. Cruelties come home. You You will yet be a lackey walking beside the very charger on which you expected to ride others down. When Charles the First, the had destroyed Strafford, was about to be beheaded, he said, "I basely ratified as unjust sentence, and the similar injustice I am now to undergo is a sensible retribution for the punishment I inflicted on an innoing many innocent and good people London Tower, was himself imprisoned the same pla the same place, where the shades of those whom he had maltreated seemed to haunt bim so that he kept crying to his attendants: "Keep them off, gentleman! for God's sake, keep them off!" The chickens had come home to roost. The body of Bradshaw, the English Judge, who had been ruthless and cruel in his decision. hung one gallows from morning until night in the presence of jeering multitudes. Haman's gallows came a little late, but it came. Opportunities fly in a straight it came. Opportunities fly in a straight line, and just touch us as they pass from eternity to eternity, but the wrongs we do others fly in a circle, and however the circle may widen out, they are sure to come back to the point from which they started. There are guns that kick!

Furthermore, let the story of Haman each us how quickly turns the wheel of fortune. One day, excepting the king Haman was the mightiest man in Persia; but the next day, a lackey. So we go up and so we come down. You soldon find any man twenty years in the same cir-cumstances. Of those who, in political life twenty years ago, were the most prominent, how few remain in conspicuity. Political parties make certain men do their hard work, and then, after using them as hacks, turn them out on the commons to die. Every four years there is a complete revolution, and about five thousand men who ought certainly to be the next president are shamefully disappointed; while some, who this day are obscure and poverty-stricken, will ride upon the shoulders of the people, and take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Hallot-boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were long ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses! while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank-keys of the nation. Of all fickle things in the world, fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to the man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes! cheers when you go up, and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeful world! Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's companionship gather your satisfaction. Then, come sorrow or glad-ness, success or defeat, rich is or poverty, honor or diagrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Again: this Haman's history shows us

that outward possessions and circumstances cannot make a man happy. While yet fully vested in authority and the chief adviser of the Persian monarch, and everything that equipage and pomp and splendor of residence could do were his, he is an object-lesson of wretchedness. There are day more aching sorrows under crowns of royalty than under the ragged caps of the houseless. Much of the world's affluence and gaiety is only misery in colors. Many a woman seated in the street at her apple-stand is happier than the great bankers. The mountains of worldly honor are covered with perpetual snow. Tamerlane conquered half the world, but could not subdue his own fears. Ahnb goes to be I sick because Naboth will not sell him his vineyard. Herod is in agony because a little child is born down in Bethleh m. Great Felix trembles be ause a poor minister will preach rightcome. From the time of Louis the Twelfth to Louis the Eighteenth was there a strawbottom chair in France that did not set more solidily than the great throne on which the French kings reigned?

Were I called to sketch misery in its worst form, I would not go up the dark alley of the poor, but up the highway over which prancing Bucephall strike the sparks with their hoofs and between statuary and parks of stalking deer. Wretchedness is more bitter when swallowel from gemmed are looking for this position and that circumstance, thinking that worldly success will bring peace of the soul let them shatter the delusion. It is not what we get, it is what we are. Daniel among the lions is happier than Nebu hadnezzar on his throne. And when life is closing, brilliancy of world ly surroundings will be no solace. Death is blind, and sees no difference between a king and his clown, between the Nazarene etern ty shall drown time in its but I am immortal. depth, The I am immortat. From all the heights and depths of my nature rin s down, and rings up, and rings out the word 'immortal. A good conscience, and assurance of life eternal through the Lord Jesus Christ are the only securities.

The soul's happiness is too large a craft to sail up the stream of worldly pleasure. As ship-carpenters say, it draws to much water. This earth is a bubble, and it will burst. This life is a vision, and it will soon pass away. Time! It is only a rip- roof, which is of great extent, and has ple, and it breaketh against the throne of judgement. Our days! They fly swifter than a shuttle, weaving for us a robe of or a garment of shame. Begin your life with religion and for its greatest tri-l you will be ready. Every day will be a triumph, and death will be only a King's

servant calling you to a royal banquet. In olden time the man who was to receive the honors of knighthood was required to spend the previous night fully armed, and with shield and lance to walk up and down among the tombs of the dead. Through all the hours of that night his steady step was heard, and, when morning dawned, amid grand parade and the sound of cornets the honors of knighthood were bestowed Thus it shall be with the good man's soul in the night before heaven. Fully armed with shield and sword and helmet, he shall watch and wait until the darkness fly and the morning break, and amid the sound of celestial harpings the soul shall take the throng with robes snowy white streaming

Mordeed will only have to wait for his day of triumph. It took all the preceeding trials to make a proper background for his after successes. The scaffold built for him makes all the more imposing and picturesque the horse into whose long white mane he twisted his fingers at the mount-You want at least two misfortunes, ing. hard as flint to strike fire. Heavy and long-continued snows in the winter are signs of good crops next summer. So many have yielded wonderful harvests of benevolence and energy, because they were a long while snowed under. We must have a good many hard falls before we learn to walk straight. It is on the black anvil of trouble that men hammer out their fortunes Sorrows take up men on their shouders and enthrone them. Tonics are nearly always bitter. Men, like fruit-trees, are barren, unless trimmed with sharp knives. They are like wheat—all the better for the flailing. It required the prison darkness and chill to make John Bunyau dream. It cott, the histori in, saw better without his

HE WALLOPED THE HORSE. Not Until After the Brute Had Made

sedate old horse, yet cheerful withal and seemingly possessed of a kindly and philosophic spirit, meandered up Washington street in the tender city of Brooklyn yesterday and halted at the acute angle where it runs into Ful-

ton street, says the N. Y. Herald.

He was attached to the business end of a dump cart, this horse. Seated on the driver's throne of said dump cart was a man of such benignant countenance that you would have sworn him first brother to the horse on the evidence of vision. He, too, was cheerful and philosophic, and the very spirit of sedateness sat upon him. He was not a man to joke or to be joked with. Life wore to him a serious aspect. Any one could see that at a glance.

It would be rash to say that the man drove the horse. He didn't. The bond between them was far closer than represented by cord or leather—and they were both in the aged harness. The lines lay on the horse's back, and the latter took his way sedately, as a horse who knows he is doing contract work for the city might be expected to compunctions of conscience smote his equine breast no signs thereof appeared in his benign and tranquil His master-or I should say, perhaps, his friend-did not urge him.

At the junction heretofore mentioned in these memoirs the pair paused and looked about them. They paused long. It was so much easier to pause than work. The saucy wind caught up vast clouds of dust—the dust that they were paid to eart away-and tossed it in the faces of the passing throng making the good to pray and the bad to swear. But this rufiled not the philosophy of man or beast. The voice of the boss was in a neighboring ginnery tuning up, and it career exhibits the greatness and noblewas so much easier to rest than work ness of his character in a loftier degree—the wear and tear were so infinitely than the cordial and unaffected manner

"Please minda standa moment for me?" he asked.

"Why, to be sure Oi wall, my dago fri'nd. Take yure time. Oi'll kape me oies on yure doigistibles."

The Italian went off to transact his rrand.

Pretty soon the horse reached tranquilly over, picked up a banana with his teeth, and munched it down with satisfaction beaming from his eye. His master looked at him admiringly, and then looked the other way. was far removed from his face. Reproof

The horse took another and then a third. There was neither haste nor trepidation in his action. He appeared to secure the full flavor of each banana, skin and all, before he began upon another.

In this way a dozen were comfortably disposed of, and the oat cavity in staggered him. At the death of his the horse's interior was much reduced goolets than from earthen pitcher or pewter in size, when suddenly an electric ug. If there are young people here who shock seemed to seize the owner. He whirled about and began lathering the brute with an appearance of the most eyes fell upon the coffin of his dead fiendish cruelty, cursing him the while as a thafe of the wurruld, an omadhaun, and I don't know what other titles.

The horse started on a run up the street—not a very wild pace, by the way—and the owner climbed into the promise bed by the property of the bed by dump cart from behind and made a and the Athenian, between a bookless hut tremendous show of a tussle with him. min As back in time to save his stand, and earth shall have a shroud of flame and the heavens flee at the glance of the Lord, but Italian grateful. What do they want, anyway-the earth?

St. Peter's Wonderful Dome.

If we happen to be at church on Thursday morning, when the public is allowed to the roof and dome, or, if we have a written permission, any day will do, we will make the ascent. A long series of very easy steps brings us to the on it small domes, and also houses in which workmen and other persons employed in the church have their homes Above this roof the great dome rises to the immense height of 308 feet. Around the outside of it we see strong iron bands that were put there 100 years ago, when it was feared that the dome might be cracked by its own enormous weight. There is an inner and an outer dome, and between these winding galleries and staircases, very hard on the legs, lead to the top, which is called the lantern, where we can go out on the gallery and have a fine view of the country all around. Those who choose can go up some narrow iron steps and enter the hollow copper ball at the very top of everything. When we look at the ball from the ground it seems about the size of a football, but onors of heaven amid the innumerable it is large enough to hold sixteen persons at once. On our way down, fore we reach the roof, we will step upon an inside gallery and look down into the church, and as we see the little mites of people walking about on the marble floor so far beneath us we may begin to wonder, that is some of us, if se iron bands around the outside the dome are really very strong, for if they should give way while we are up there-but no matter; we will go down soon .- Catholic Youth.

Seed Corn 4,000 Years Old

During the season of 1889 a most remarkable crop was raised by David Drew at Plymouth, N. H. In 1888 Mr. Drew came into possession of some corn grains found wrapped with mummy in Egypt, supposed to be 4,000 years old. They were planted and grew. It had many of the character istics of real corn; the leaves were took Delaware ice and cold feet at Valley alternate; it grew to be over six feet Forge, and the whize of bullets, to make a high; the mid-ribs were white; but the Washington. Paul, when he climbed up product of the stock, there is where the on the beach of Melita, shivering in his wet clothes, was more of a Christian thin when the ship struck the breakers. Present the historium saw better without his under our notice that worldly vanity and body of Bradshaw, the English Judge, sin are very anxious to have plety bow be fore them. Haman was a fair emblem of entire worldlings, and Morlecal the re
calculates had come home to roost. The loost the historius, saw better without his spikelets; there was no tassel, no silks; them. Mordecal, despised at the gate, is only predecessor of Mordecal, grandly mounted. ex-Senator Piatt were schoolmate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KIND HEART. The Gentlest, Purest, and Noblest Charac-

In concluding a series of papers on Lincoln, John E. Remsburg says: In youth, the meanest creature found in him a friend and if need be defender. He wrote essays and made speeches against cruelty to animals, and sought to impress upon his playmates' minds the sacredness of life. The same tender regard for the weak and unfortunate characterized his manhood. While riding through a forest once with a party of friends he saw a brood of young birds on the ground which a storm had blown from their nest. He dismounted from his horse, and after a laborious search found the nest and placed the birdlings snugly in their little home. When he reached his companions and was chided by them for his delay, he said: "I could not have slept to-night if I had not given those birds to their mother."

In the social relations of life he was a most exemplary man. He was a de-voted husband, an indulging father, an obliging neighbor, and a faithful friend. Mrs. Col. Chapman, a lady who lived for a time in his family, pays this tribute to his private life: "He was all tribute to his private life: "He was all that a husband, father, neighbor should be, kind and affectionate to his wife and child, and pleasant to all around him. Never did I hear him atter an unkind word," "His devotion to his wife and children," says George W. Julian, "was as abiding and unbounded as his love of country.

The strong attachment always manifested by him for his friends has often been remarked. Rich and poor, great and humble, all were equally dear to him and alike the recipients of his reat Washington, in the midst of wealth, At length the Italian gentleman who peddles fruit at this busy confluence of human life broke in on the dual revery and entertain the plain uncultured friends of other days.

A giant in stature and a lion in "Hoy?" strength and courage, he possessed the gentleness of a child and the tenderness of a woman. The sufferings, even of a stranger, would fill his eyes with tears, and the death of a friend would overwhelm him. In his 10th year his mother died, and for a time his heart was desolate and he could not be consoled. In his 50th year his only sister, a lovely, fragile flower, just blooming into womanhood, drooped and died, and life seemed purposeless to him again. Of his four children, two died while he was living-Eddie, a fair-haired babe, and his beloved Willie. When death took these his sorrow was unutterable.

The ultimate death of his young friend, the gallant Col. Ellsworth, at Alexandria, and the death of his lifelong friend, the lamented Edwin F. Baker, at Ball's Bluff, were blows that good friend, Bowlin Greene, he was chosen to deliver a funeral address. When the hour arrived and he stepped forward to perform the sacred task, his friend and for a time he stood transfixed-helpless and speechless. only tribute he could pay was a tribute

When he turned for the last time from the bedside of the beautiful Ann Rutledge, his betrothed, it was with a broken heart and a mind dethroned. and the Atheritad, between a bookers and a national intrary. The frivolities of life, cannot with their giddy laugh, echoing from heart to heart, entirely drown the voice of a tremendous conscience which voice of a tremendous conscience which winkle in four sedate but cheerful den of his plaint for weeks. Reason the same of the says: "I am immortal. The stars shall eyes then may I never see twinkle after a time returned, but his wonted die, but I am immortal. One wave of again. As for the peop Italian he get gladuess never and down through all ness never: and down those eventful years to that fatal April night when his own sweet life-blood slowly oozed away, beneath that spark-ling surface of feigned mirth drifted the memory and the agonies of that

great grief. At the commencement of the Southern conflict in pleading tones he said. "We are not enemies, but friends." And at its close, notwithstanding all the cruel, bitter anguish he had endured those four long years of fratricidal strife: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," he died, and many a brave Confederate deployed

The deep damnation of his taking off. When Stonewall Jackson died he pair fouching tribute to his gallantry and said: "Let us forget his errors over his fresh-made grave." In the dark-ness of the night on a bloody field of the peninsula he bent beside the pros-trate form of a dying soldier of the South, and, while the hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, soothed him with words of sympathy, and by the dim rays of a lantern took down from his lips a message to his mother, and sent it by a flag of truce into the enemics' lines to be transmitted to his

The narration of his many deeds of kindness and mercy while at Washington would fill a volume. He loved to rescue an erring soldier boy from the jaws of death and fill a mother's eyes. with tears of joy. He loved to dispel the clouds of sorrow from a wife's sad heart and warm it with the sunshine of happiness. He loved to take the child of poverty upon his knee and plant within its little breast the seeds of confidence and hope.

Glorious apostle of humanity! When shall we look upon his like again? So houest, so truthful, so just, so charitable, so loving, so merciful! Law was his God, justice his ereed, and liberty his heaven. It he sinned, mercy prompted him. In the presence of such a religion how contemptible your puny theologians and their narrow erceds appear!

Born in a western wild, dying in a Nation's Capital, its honored chief, eushrined in the hearts of an admiring world, Abraham Lincoln stands to-day the gentlest, purest, noblest character in human history. Millenniums may pass away, unnumbered generations come and go, creeds rise and fall, but divine faith of freedom's martyr, a faith based upon immutable law, eternal justice, universal liberty, a faith formulated not in perishable words but in immortal deeds, will live on through all the years to come, a torch of hope to every son of toil.

John D. Rockefeller, Sec. Tracy and